

*The History of*

*Prin.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaf*'s Sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England*, but he would make you beleewe it was done in fight, and perswaded us to doe the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven yeares before, I blush to heare his monstrous devices.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeares ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Poin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Livers, and cold purfes.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

*Enter Falstaf.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Heere comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bones. How now sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

*Fals.* My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waste: I could have crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of fighting and griefe, it blowes a man up like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the North *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the divell his true liegeman upon the Crosse of a Welsh-hook; what a plague call you him?

*Poy.* O *Glendower*!

*Fal.* Owen *Glendower*, the same, and his sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scottes*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horsebacke up a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killeth a Sparrow flying.

*Fals.*

*Henry the Fourth.*

*Fals.* You have hit it.

*Prin.* So did he never the Sparrow.

*Fals.* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

*Prin.* Why; what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Fals.* A horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but on foote he will not budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, upon instinct.

*Fals.* I grant ye, upon instinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blue Caps more. *Worcester* is stolne away by night, thy fathers beard is tarn'd white with the news; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

*Prin.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this civill buffeting hold, we shall buy mayden-heads as they buy Hobnayles, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse, Lad, thou saist true, it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hall*, Art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that sprite *Percy*, and that divell *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afeard? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit yfaith: I lacke some of thy instinct.

*Fals.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe love me, practise an answer.

*Prin.* Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fals.* Shall I? content: this Chaire shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushin my Crowne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a joynd stoole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pitifull bald Crowne.

*Fals.* Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cupp of Sacke, to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I have wept: For I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyses* veine.

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Prince: